# The Freebooter

The Strange Romance of a New Yorker Who Hunted for Treasure on Broadway

## By W. B. M. Ferguson

SCHOTTIGHT, 1898, by Stores & Boile, J. CHAPTER I.

'AN broke, on Brandway, and I was a Tale graduate, the ne'er-do-

well of my family. I was broke. I thought how easy it would be to wrap a brick in a newspaper. dodge into the mob that the big stores were turning out, and heave my bundle through a nearby jeweller's window-grab a handful and make a getaway.

Now, I will say right here, and with justice, that I had restated all temptation to throw that brick. I had failen back into the rut of bungry passivity. I had saved my one ideal, when something happened. I felt a dig in the rite, and, turning, found a giant in blue, studded with gold tacks. He had a night-stick.

"Move on," he said memacingly, giving me another prod. "Take it on th rus. I've sized you up, an' there's nothin' doin' round here. Beat it!"

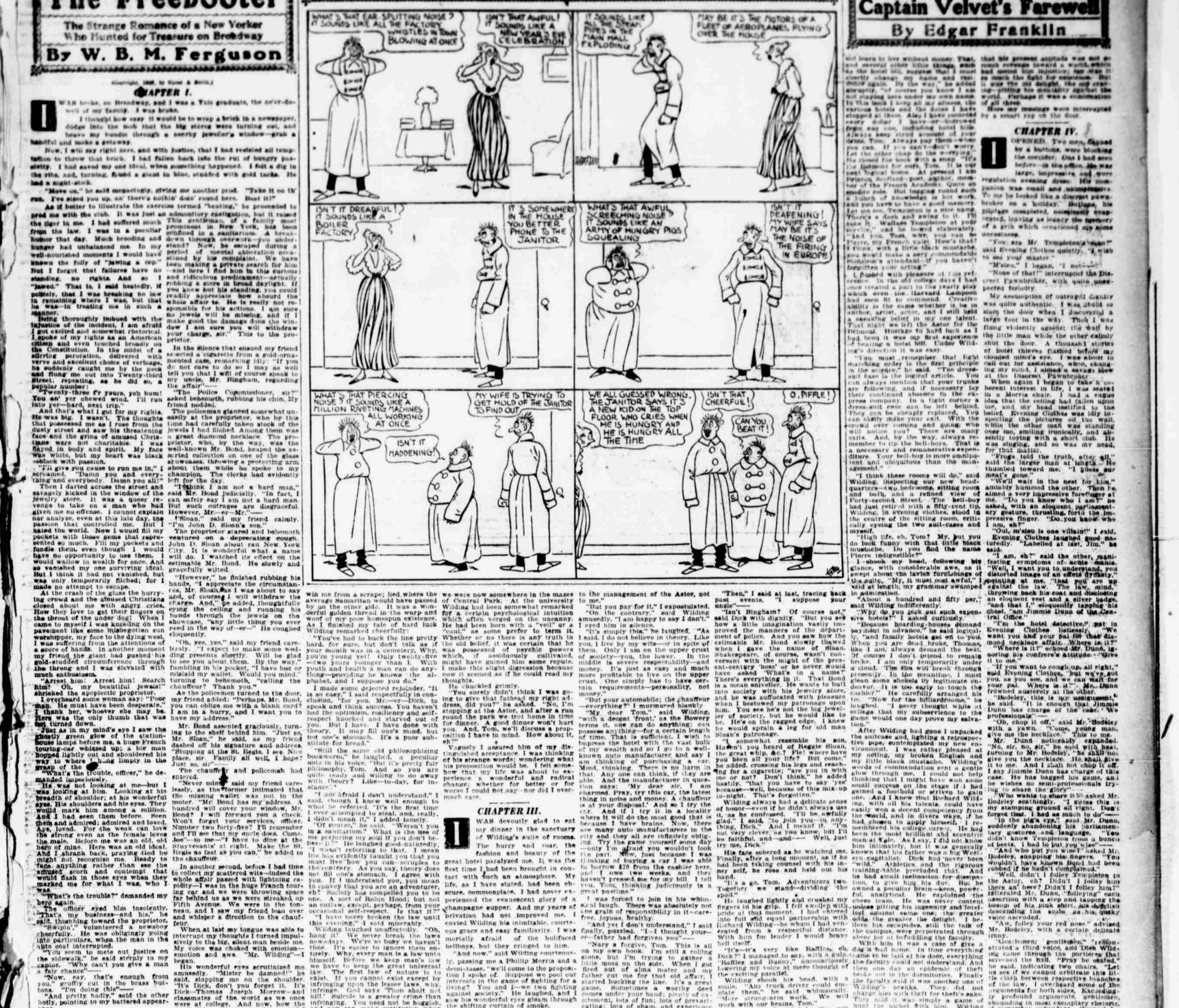
As if better to libustrate the exercise termed "beating," he proceeded to prod me with the clob. It was just an admonitory castigation, but it raised the tiger in me. I had suffered much from the law. I was in a peculiar humor that day. Much brooding and hunger had unbalanced me. In my well-nourished moments I would have knewn the folly of "jawing a cop."
But I forgot that failures have no standing, no rights. And so I "jawed." That is, I said heatedly, it politicly, that I was breaking no law in remaining where I was, but that he was—in treating me in such a manner.

Being thoroughly imbued with the injustice of the incident, I am afraid I got excited and somewhat rhetorical. I spoke of my rights as an American citizen and even touched broadly on the constitution. In the midst of a As if better to illustrate the exercise termed "beating," he proceeded to

The Day of Rest

ARTHURS.

By Maurice Ketten



## Captain Velvet's Farewell By Edgar Franklin

and several other liftle things, such that his present attitude was not so much revenue toward a world extensioned again. By the way," he added abraptly, "of course you know I am not staying here under my own name. In this book I amen all my allaces, the various hotels and the dates I have recorded every dellar I have er befrowed from any one, including hotel hills. Afways seep stried amount of your delts. Ton: Always pay them—when you can. If you can't—don't worry let the other chap do the worrying. Its chosed his book with a anap "It's he halmont for ours. Tom, it is our next before—in the other chap do the worrying. Its chosed his book with a anap "It's he halmont for ours. Tom, it is our next before—in the other chap do the worrying her of the French Academy Guite an equilibrian shouldard poet, author, meets before—in the office, its was large, impressive and work facility of the looked like a discrete pawn-broker of a date and and swing to it. I'll pilptage completed, missiessly evap-THE FIRING IN EUROPE

IN EUROPE

And you have to have a good memory.

Let me see, Templeton is a nice name. There's a dash and swing to it. I'll take it. Wallace Templeton at your morvice," and he hound elaborately.

THE NOISE OF THE FIRING IN EUROPE

IN EUROPE

And you, Tom, why, you can be there, my French valet. How's that I finish, with a little black mustache, you would make a aery commendable monsieur's attendant—if you haven't forgotten your acting.

MEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENUES

t flushed with pleasure at this referegies. In the old cottege days I had once created a part in the yearly play which even the Harward Lampoon had seen fit to commend. Creative ability is the same whether it be in author, artist, actor, and I still held a sneaking belief in my one talent. That night we left the Astor for the relmont. Hostings to hard luck as I had been it was my first experience of bearing a hotel bill. Under Wildligg's direction it was easy.

CASTER II.

Vis. 1. The state of the state o

broker on a holiday. Buttone, his pilptage completed, naistleasly evaporated, leaving as leaner the memory of a grin which occasioned my some uneasiness.

"You are Mr. Templetonis beign?" said Evening Clothes quietly. 'A wish

"M'sieu," I began, "I not ""."
"None of that!" interrupted the Discreet Pawnbroker, with quite unex-